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THE MEMORY ISSUE

THALIA

'The Descent of Beauty' by Michelle Kingdom

THALIA

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The Memory Issue

Memory plays an elusive role for all of us: it clutches tiny passing moments or flips them into new shapes. It is constantly playing in the background, influencing the art we create. The creatives we celebrate in this issue explore memories through their work. In the process, some remold the memories themselves, others generate new ones.

Tacey and Amanda explore genetic memory; Megan, sense memory; and Iliana the physical imprint of memory. Laura finds that the process of creating can itself be a metaphor for memory. Michelle and Poppy's work responds to those who came before them, while seeking new paths for those who follow. Our interviewee shares many memories with us, and yet we remember moments differently.

Memory is a bank of inspiration—and as you will see, each creative featured has drawn from theirs through their own methods and with their own goals. We are very grateful to all the contributors for allowing us to glimpse into the memories that inspire your work.

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A Blood Letting

it's taken me to pulse down entire solace

of my truck, stars night roads, hush my own sister

she shoots right through

me, I saw from overpass

from mountains arches & rocks slats I've come to know

every ridgeline, tilt slit into earth these years

each formation winds, cries

into mouth a canyon, a set of eyes glass over from big wind

—incise— —fault line— —

did you pass me, I ask oh, she cuts, there's no time
I gauze into my wrist, years or rivers
since our mother has died, years or blue since calm comes
down again, think how stars came to float

in bloodline: same through our wrists telling of the same

mother who left
us, who le t us—
and my sister le t

me, kneeling roadside graveling, our veins no longer held together, when I see bypass

hold my wrist over
my heart just to feel
the beating
inside me

"So I will write her poem over and over again."

In my book, *Rain Scald* (University of New Press, 2018), you can find a handful of poems about the death of my mother. I was three almost four years when she was killed in a car accident. Still, thirty-some years later, I have no idea who she was, and I try to reconcile her leaving. I often wonder if I am anything like her. So I will write her poem over and over again.

Back in the late 2000s, when I was studying at the Institute of American Indian Art, a fellow student introduced me to the idea of genetic memory. One day while we were in the photo lab, she told me how she had been adopted as an infant in the Seattle area. And when she grew older, she'd often find herself out at a remote beach. It wasn't until later when she connected with her birthmother's family that she was told her birthmother often went to that exact beach while she was pregnant. And so, this piece "A Blood Letting" parallels the concept of lineage and place and memory.

Above left and right; ‘Everything Is Now’

Poppy Field

"My aspiration for this body of work is to create an empowering iconography that, as a young woman, I felt was missing from my art-historical studies of academic sculpture."

"Everything is Now" is the first of four life-size figures that I am sculpting in the interface between academic and contemporary art. Each figure is modelled over a period of three to six months. This mediated process is vital for the intimate and collaborative exchange it fosters; the full content of each work is grounded in my relationship with the model, made universal in clay, and given permanence in bronze. My aspiration for this body of work is to create an empowering iconography that, as a young woman, I felt was missing from my art-historical studies of academic sculpture. At present, I am mid-way through the second figure, "Tip of the Iceberg". The narrative driving my process can be understood in relation to this same phrase being used in recent discourse surrounding #MeToo. I hope to sculpt a 21st century "liberté" through subtle subversions of visual references within its classically inspired composition.

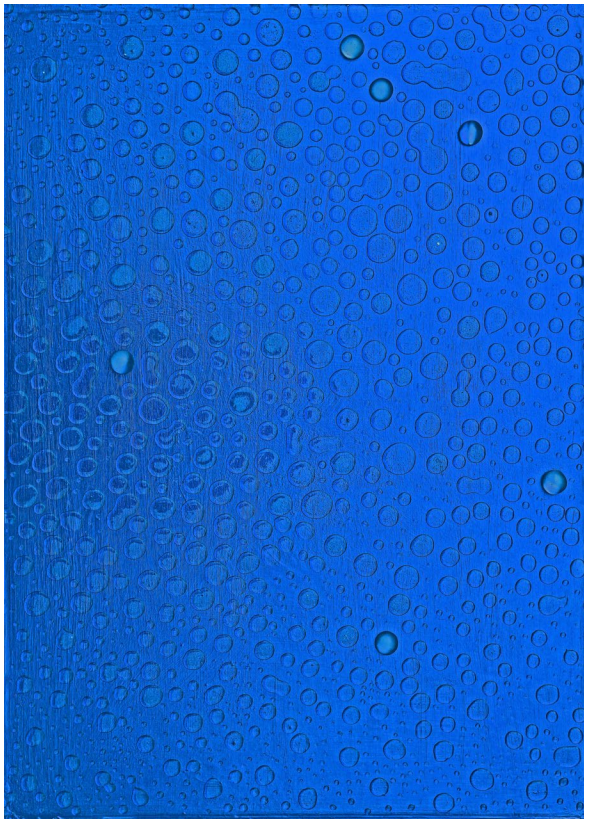
Since the Renaissance, the discourse surrounding western thought has imbued material objects with the ability to prolong and preserve human memory far beyond an individual's mental existence. So, there is a weight of responsibility when casting in bronze because it is virtually indestructible unless melted down. It is both incredibly humbling and rewarding to know that the works I cast in bronze will be seen beyond my own lifetime. It is for this reason that I am dedicating myself to this series of life-size figures, rather than producing only smaller, more commercial works. It requires all my economic resources, and is a risk as well as a privilege.

Carol Bruton

I often start the creative process by listening to "Beyond my Wildest Dreams" by Mark Knopfler & Emmylou Harris. I saw recently that Julie Webster, The Cassini Spacecraft Operations Office Manager at NASA, played this same song every day in her car prior to the Cassini Spacecraft's final dive into Saturn's atmosphere. Beyond My Wildest Dreams says it all. I am fascinated by rain as it hits metallic surfaces or makes puddles on tarmac. I have lived in London, sheltering from the rain and marveling at the bleak white clouds outside. I love the sound of water and even now am wondering how to incorporate this sound into the art pieces.

I use cold glass and raw pigments of various colours to create these art pieces. Because they are two dimensional, the light catches on the curves and I almost want to look up at the sky to see when our next rainfall will occur. I meditate and listen intently every morning to messages of direction—how can I best go forward. How not to dwell too much on past mistakes. How to keep hope and dreams alive. How can I best get my message across worldwide. How can I collaborate with scientists and institutions outside the art world.

"Beyond My Wildest Dreams says it all."



Left to right; 'Raindrops Gold', 'Raindrops Blue', 'Raindrops Orange'

Crossing In

I offer this small space I hold in the world.
I know my body
is a border to break through.

I pray it be welcomed with consent.
I open my chest,
shrikes flutter about

the dying. Broken limbs, fingers numb from digging
tunnels out / a way in
without light.

I reach into the darkness to what I think is the end
and feel another hand pull me
deeper into flight.

"Through blood memory, shared memory, dream space, and intuition, my goal as poet is to communicate with others across time and space."

"What are you pretending not to know?" – Nikky Finney

I often find myself sitting with a poem and waiting for a door to open, for the truth to enter. To get to what is known without apology, or if unknown, to learn how to form the questions to gain understanding. Through blood memory, shared memory, dream space, and intuition, my goal as poet is to communicate with others across time and space. The poem serves as the vessel to carry the message.

I am a poet, educator, activist, and arts administrator. My poetry collection, *Another Way to Say Enter*, was published by Argus House Press and my work has been published widely in print and online. I'm an Affrilachian Poet, a Cave Canem fellow, cofounder of #BlackPoetsSpeakOut and I teach creative writing at the Stonecoast MFA program at the University of Southern Maine.

forgive me, but another black woman has been killed and I'm shook

I didn't mean to be rude
I just have memory

more than words
the feeling stayed in

me, the counseling
profit and loss, I forgot

she died, they all died,
for forever it seemed

it was, bad for business
I forgot the task, was late

to perform, sloppy on the job
the dead-

line passed without fuss
eased into the wound

of my absent-minded grief
and when the time came

for recovery, forgive me
I buried myself in work

paid the life insurance
one week at a time

if I don't make it back on Monday

take this money, love
I'm sorry for the mess I'll make

History Repeating *Repeating*

Get your hand out my pocket! I shout
to no one in particular, to everyone
under my breath, my shadow
crawling into my pocketbook
searching for the price of the ticket
crawling into my pocketbook
under my breath, my shadow
to no one in particular, to everyone
Get your hand out my pocket! I shout

Liana Nigri

"I am interested in finding hidden shapes within the curves, and in capturing skin textures and wrinkles."

Born and currently based in Rio de Janeiro, I am a visual artist deeply interested in Bio Art with a master's degree in Textile Future at Central Saint Martins, London.

Through biological material, sculpture, photography or video, my research consists of observing the marks on the surface of plants and human skin, evidence of traces of time, stories, experiences, contacts or traumas.

'Vazante' investigates the counter-form of female bodies, more precisely the empty space within folds of the flesh. This research brings attention to the presence and strength of the female body, so silenced and confined in history and still today, and observes the negative space, which can be as sharp and accurate as a weapon.

This research began in June of 2018, when I invited a group of 13 artists, a curator and a psychiatrist to study and listen to the female body. The intention of gathering these artists was to fill the solitude of the artistic routine and to widen our perspectives on complicated issues.

My sculptures pieces always come from body contact—I am interested in finding hidden shapes within the curves, and in capturing skin textures and wrinkles. I usually invite friends to be my models (if I can't I use my own body). I use alginate to cast, and after that tons of positive and negative molds in plaster, and wax and silicone with fine interventions to find the shape. The final material choice is one of the most important parts of the process, because it has to express the energy of what I'm aiming to express and also the fine details.

Previous page; ‘Bocas em Dobras’, Right; ‘Eixo 1 e 2 da série Vazante’

Above; ‘the center of mass’, following page; ‘a heroine’s lament’

Michelle Kingdom

"Embroidery touches not only the seamstress in me, but connects me to the memory of so many women with stories buried in thread that came before me."

I grew up in a sewing family where most of my childhood wardrobe was home sewn. Though there were never any true family sewing lessons, it was always a part of my environment and a natural medium to explore. Embroidery was more of a rarity in my house and I only remember my mom embellishing denim shirts in the 1970s. My interest in textiles really deepened while in college, where I was studying drawing and painting. This was around 1990 and the art world was dominated by work that was oversized, highly conceptual, ironic and impossibly clever. It mostly left me cold and I never thought art was a viable career path. Having had an interest in textiles, I dabbled in various mediums on my own including weaving and dying. It was around that time that I started creating these odd, tiny stories in thread. I am self-taught.

I fell in love with figurative embroidery long ago. While it is inherently beautiful, there is also something primitive, awkward and fragile about it, which strikes me as both compelling and honest. Its effect is almost otherworldly. Undeniably tactile in nature, embroidery touches not only the seamstress in me, but connects me to the memory of so many women with stories buried in thread that came before me. The medium seems the best way for me to express my private thoughts, and the results still surprise me after all these years.

My work explores psychological landscapes, illuminating thoughts left unspoken. I create tiny worlds in thread to capture elusive yet persistent inner voices. Literary snippets, memories, personal mythologies, and art historical references inform the imagery; fused together, these influences explore relationships, domesticity and self-perception. Symbolism and allegory lay bare dynamics of aspiration and limitation, expectation and loss, belonging and alienation, truth and illusion.

Decidedly small in scale, the scenes are densely embroidered into compressed compositions. While the work acknowledges the luster and lineage inherent in needlework, I use thread as a sketching tool to simultaneously honor and undermine this tradition. Beauty parallels melancholy, as conventional stitches acquiesce to the fragile and expressive.

Left; ‘The Decsent of Beauty’, previous page; ‘The Finest Trick’

Finally

my girl
wants to
unhand
the world
wants
to fall
into sleep
as into
a well
slick sides
walls you
cannot climb
all day
I can
barely do
anything
but sip
my glass
of pain
remember
her small
heft
her firm
grip how
quickly she
doubled
her birth
weight

"More than anything, and above everything, I am a mother."

More than anything, and above everything, I am a mother. From each beginning, I have loved my three children with a horrifying, sickening helplessness, with a dizzying vulnerability that feels, at times, like an affliction. In recent years, one of my daughters has had to fight against a pernicious, brutal mental illness, and I have had to fight alongside her. For her, it has involved a lot of drugs and therapy and hospitalizations. For me, there has been a lot of time spent sitting on the kitchen floor, day after day, stuporous and crying. My daughter is much better by now, and as she began to recover, she offered me a tremendous gift: her permission and blessing to write and publish whatever I needed to about her illness and our experience of it. These poems are from a series I'm working on about those dark years. To write this collapsed life is to begin to reconstruct it.

I am a poet and translator living with my husband and children and an odd assortment of dogs in Novato, CA. My work appears widely in literary journals, and Red Hen Press will publish my first book, *Bright Stain*, in 2019.

Taking Your Place

After they locked you in the famous hospital,
I scoured your shut-up rooms
on my hands and knees.

Nights, I lay on your bathroom floor,
tiles gleaming in the dark,
your mad clutter cleared away.

You'd read online it's possible
to hang yourself without leaving
the ground, brought a pillow for your head,

a comfort measure. I tried to fit my body where
I would have found yours,
long neck belted with the leather strap.

When the nurses didn't watch you
overnight, I called the hospital
to complain. The director sighed

and spoke slowly, as to a dim child.
You know, he said, a determined person will kill
herself no matter what we do.

Since they sent you home, I keep on checking.
Is the laundry dry? Are you alive?
Do we need more sugar?

Day by day, I creep, pain-scuttled,
laid flat as by a deer who's crushed
her shape permanently into grass.

I've learned to wait.
But, though you returned,
I do not think I'm coming back.

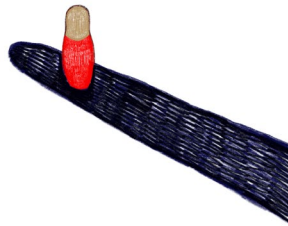
Eventually

the
experienced
mother
loves
differently

grows
wary

watches

waiting
to
be
broken



Right; 'A Sign of Time 25'

Laura Moriarty

"Working and reworking molten, richly pigmented beeswax, I build each piece through a simple yet strenuous physical engagement, which often becomes a metaphor for memory and the ephemerality of life and civilization."

Taking poetic license with geology, I compare processes of the studio with processes of the earth. In my work, layers of color form the strata of a methodology in which the immediacy of the hand can translate a sense of deep time. Working and reworking molten, richly pigmented beeswax, I build each piece through a simple yet strenuous physical engagement, which often becomes a metaphor for memory and the ephemerality of life and civilization.

I approach each piece intuitively, exploring an environment of color. I imagine myself bushwhacking through the historical boundaries of what a landscape painting can be. My work embraces a decidedly environmental and spiritual context, as I have become increasingly aware that the mark we humans are leaving on the earth is so profound that some experts argue it is time to bid goodbye to the current geological time period — the Holocene — in favor of a new one: the Anthropocene. My contribution to this larger conversation has been to offer an adventure of the mind; I want to take viewers to a place where matter and energy are interchangeable.

Left; 'Color Field, Ecru', right; 'Color Field, Yellow and Blue'

Left; 'A Sign of Time 21'

An interview with Anne Gilson

January 5, 2019
Wayland, Massachusettes
Interview and photos by: Julia and Amelia Haney

This is a special interview for us. The artist featured is a painter, a writer, and a musician. Equally important to us, she also wrote and circulated our family paper *The Thursday Weekly Rag*, encouraged us to paint our bedroom walls (and more than one time, our brother), and glued daisies on the living room ceiling. She is our mother and our constant source of inspiration.

We met her at her house, which is attached to her studio. She made a delicious stew; our dog chewed on a bone under the table; and we got to ask her questions we've never asked her before.

A recording of this interview is more overlapped laughter than anything else, but we hope that embedded in what we've teased out below, you feel a bit of this talented woman's charm, thoughtfulness, and total kookiness.

We know you say you do not like the word process, so let's get this out of the way: what inspires you to start a piece; how does it evolve; how do you know when it's done? You are always layering—sometimes you'll text Amelia and be like hmm is this done?

Yes, I totally do that! When I start a painting, I have a color scheme in my head, like I really was looking for that beautiful blue (she points to a painting on the wall). And then I have a strong feeling or a vivid memory. I always start with those two things: a memory and a general color(s). And since I'm mostly an intuitive painter, I need those two things to be pretty heavy in my mind in order to begin slapping paint around.

I typically work with water-based materials but if I incorporate wax or a greasy pencil, I need to adjust because those things repel water-based paints. And then of course, I do a lot of layering; I'll throw some color on there, make a bunch of marks, and just try to get my head in the game. I prefer to paint on either paper or a hard surface. Sometimes I go in with sandpaper, and sandpaper out stuff, or paste stuff on there, paint, sandpaper again, and just keep going. Sometimes I'll smear color over areas to allow things to poke through, or I'll just obliterate the whole thing and start all over again. For that blue one there, there are probably four different layers underneath the top one. If someone took an x-ray they would see all sorts of crazy things going on.

If I'm working on it consistently, for more than a week, then it's usually pretty much shit. It needs to have a freshness, and the more I paint, the heavier and more precious it gets. I'll find myself saving stupid little drips.

I always work in a series with 4-8 paintings going on at once. Ideally, my process is: I'll be really into what I'm painting and getting messy, with my clear "feeling" in place, hopefully. I will come to it the next day, and maybe a third day. Paint. Then, I'll put it against the wall for maybe two to four days and just whip it around so I can see it fresh. I'll fix what needs to be fixed or add to it, with the goal of having it finished that day. If I sit back and I think: I don't even know what I'm painting about; I've lost my train of thought; or it's taking too long, I may as well throw in the towel because its lost its depth. Some of my best paintings I've painted in four hours because I was in the moment, no distraction, and they're not overworked.

Do you remember what the memory was for this one? The one on the right?

Oh yes. That one was completed right after my kayak trip in Utah. I was in such a happy-sad state of mind when I went on that kayak trip. It was right before I got divorced, like right before. And my friends were so wonderful and we had such a beautiful trip. Yes. It was all about that. There is so much memory and depth in that for me. I look at that and it's pretty heavy, but beautiful too.

What do you want people looking at your paintings to experience? In their home or a gallery.

I want them to have their own experience and react however they feel. If the art moves them, great! I love it when people say, "Oh I have your painting on my desk, or over my sink, I look at it every day and it makes me so happy." That's the best. I don't need them to know what I was thinking when I was painting, I just am happy that they found something relatable in it that brings them joy or peace.

I remember the first painting I sold was this pink, gooey, abstract painting—it looked like a crazy, festive wedding cake—but it was the saddest painting I ever painted. And this woman bought it and she said, "This is most joyful painting I've ever seen. I feel so happy when I look at it." She was so grateful and happy. It reminded her of her wedding. When people ask what I was thinking when they look at my work, I usually say, "Well what do you see? How do you feel when you look at it?" Divert, divert, divert.

I'm doing the painting for myself, painting from memory and emotion, and (sorry, I like pretty art) I want it to be visually appealing with color, depth, texture, etc. I will always paint this way. I couldn't do it any other way. I am not catering to how nicely it will match someone's kitchen cabinets or trying to be the political activist—I'm thinking about me. *I'm* painting the painting. If they like it they like it; if they don't they don't. (I do suppose I'd have to change my plan if there were mostly *don'ts* though...)

We've been thinking about how you repeat some imagery like the little nobbles and shapes. Can you tell us more about that?

I was thinking the same thing! Some shapes I repeat because the paintings are part of a series, but sometimes a particular shape is just a symbol that means something to me—like that log looking thing—I was expressing a heavy idea.

GOLDEN
GOLDEN

Some bits look light and airy and bubbly, and others look chaotic and hard. Yes, I don't really understand the nobbly things either, but I subconsciously get stuff from nature. I love pods, I'm in the woods a lot.

We recall a time when she made a bracelet out of red tree pods for a competition. We all agree she should have won even though the bracelet was most definitely filled with bugs.

I know! It was pretty though, despite potential bug issues. I walk in the woods every day, so I see a lot of things. And there's lots of material to work with around here in the burbs. Watching relationships, interactions with other humans. Drama. Making judgments on people. There is a lot of that. Lots of secret judgment.

And, even though it's really hard to incorporate text without it looking cheesy, I love using text. Love irony and wordplay. I recently found all these flashcards, and was inspired because I love one word titles.

You do so many creative things: you play music, you sing, you like all different mediums. And you drew a lot when you were younger. Is painting your natural medium?

No, not sure what my natural medium is yet, still trying to find out! But it totally started with drawing. My dad is also an artist on the side, and a maker of things. I watched him a lot. I was super super shy when I was little. Like crazy shy. Obviously, there was no internet or TV that worked or anybody to drive you anywhere, so you had to figure out how not to die of boredom. And I always liked to draw. I drew all the time. I drew everything. And I got attention for it, which was nice for a shy kid. I covered all my book reports with drawings and my teachers made a big deal about it. And of course, there was the poster contest I won—

We have no idea what poster contest she is talking about even though she claims to have told us "a million times" about this turning point in her childhood art career.

I know you've heard about this! It was a Baskin Robbins poster contest! 31 Flavors! I spent so much time on that poster and I won. I didn't even tell my parents I was doing it. It was the statue of liberty and she was holding a Baskin Robbins ice cream cone and it was dripping. It was such a "great" poster. They put it up somewhere in Pawtucket (we lived in Attleboro at the time.). I won 31 days of ice cream. It was a big moment in my life.

Also, I basically believed I could sing like Barbra Streisand when I was young (but was too shy to sing in public). I also loved to write. My first real job was as an assistant editor, so I was on the path to editing and writing. That's what I would have been doing, working in a magazine in design or writing.

Once I worked for a "dine out tonight" company in Providence. The company made these booklets that companies would give out as gifts. The booklets had coupons for restaurant discounts. My job was to come up with descriptions of menu items like "...succulent shrimp!" or "…saucy beef!" That kind of thing. It was ridiculous. Could've been my career...

We disagree that that would have been her career.

But I always just loved modern and abstract art. I always did. (Probably because my older sister adored traditional design then.) At the same time, I only made drawings and made them as realistically as possible. Eventually I got the abstract painting bug in college and made some pretty god-awful paintings, but I loved it. It was harder and more interesting to me.

Then, a friend of mine who helped start City Year in Boston got me a job as their "mural artist"—that really got me going (I had never painted a mural). My very first project was a 60-foot wall. And I had all these kids waiting, looking at me like, "OK tell us what to do!" The only way I could tackle it was to think of the mural like music, to think how your eye is going to sort of dance across the wall, instead of just being stuck in one spot. So that was a fun challenge and it kind of got me into thinking of painting as a form of music. You can look at a painting and maybe see music—it gets louder, softer, heavier, or weaker in areas. I see music in all my work. Wow the ADD is really showing itself...now we're on to music.

You have had so many studio spaces over the years: some have been awful; some have been beautiful; some have been 45 minutes away; some have been in the basement. What is your ideal space to work in?

Definitely close to home but not in the home. I was thinking about this today actually because I was remembering that awful studio space in the big decrepit building in Framingham. It was a great studio space, but in a crumbling, scary building.

In that studio, I was in the middle of preparing for a show, and it was not going well. I had just been divorced and I hardly had any time to get to the studio. I was exhausted all the time. My show partner (who was going through her own personal troubles) and I were like, "We just can't do this now, it's too much—we have to cancel." And then we thought, "No! This is a perfect time to do a show! It will get us out of our funk!" We didn't have any artwork done three months before the show. Nothing. I needed to produce at least 75 pieces.

I arrived at my studio one morning and the landlord was taking all my stuff off the walls and throwing it in the hallway. And I was like, "What are you doing?!" And he said, "Your lease runs out today." I thought I had three more months, but he was like, "No. It's today." I didn't know what to do. I had a show in three months and I had nothing done. There was absolutely no room in my house. He shoved all my stuff in this little closet across the hall. The closet was leaking, with broken windows. Chunks of asbestos were falling on top of me (they had plastic on the ceiling that caught some of it). And there was just one little wall to paint on. I had to wear my winter coat, bundled up. It was freezing. People were smoking in the hallways.

And for some reason I was the most prolific in that little nasty, mouse-ridden, leaky, cold room! It was the most depressing space to go into and paint. But art was just pouring out of me. There was so much stuff. It was amazing. My friend totally had a similar surge of creativity. It was intense. So that wasn't my ideal space but it must've had some sort of necessary feng shui.

"You can look at a painting and maybe see music—it gets louder, softer, heavier, or weaker in areas. I see music in all my work."

We all agree that this is awful information to know: that she needs to go to a mousey closet to get painting done.

What is your personal paradox?

I interpret this question as what is distracting me from doing my work. I found that when technology came into my world, it totally messed with my creative brain and sucked time out of my day. If I open an email or text from someone, or see an Instagram, I'll click on a link and that will lead me to another thought and soon I'll be like, "what *do* praying mantises eat", or "how *did* J. Lo do her hair for the Grammys" or "let's look at all the stupidest Trump photos!" And goddamnit I'm on the computer again! I should be on the piano! I should be working in my studio! I am literally addicted to looking at real estate online just for fun so I can't even go there in the morning (or words with friends) It's just too much temptation for someone who has a short attention span. When I'm in my studio, I keep all that stuff out.

Instagram is cool though because I can scroll down and look at my history. I can see where I was, what I was working on, museums, concerts, friends...memories. But it's funny, I can look at any one of my paintings and do the same. I know exactly where I was, what baby was in the studio, how I was feeling. It's my very own old-school Instagram.

Cameron York

"The art I create is a reflection of my surroundings, with a twist. It exposes dark undertones via the lighthearted vehicle of color, shape and texture. Tackling subjects that are tense with a candy coated demeanor makes it more easily accessible to a public audience."

I am an investigator, a doodler, a printmaker and a sculptor. My work is a personal attempt to understand the world. I create bits and pieces of candy coated realities that have dark and rippling undertones, hinting at the cross between danger and play. My childlike hand is what carries me through the various mediums and topics I address with my work.

In my prints, I incorporate found scraps of paper, luminous colors, and hand working to complement my symbolism. I use various other media such as watercolor paint and graphite to accentuate my etched imagery. I build a visual history through layers, giving a sense of depth. My symbolism is often represented with bright, fresh colors.

The art I create is a reflection of my surroundings, with a twist. It exposes dark undertones via the lighthearted vehicle of color, shape and texture. Tackling subjects that are tense with a candy coated demeanor makes it more easily accessible to a public audience. My work strives to entice emotion and dialogue out of the viewer.

Above; 'Slick and Slippery', previous page; 'Death Dog', following page; 'Rocks and Glass Ceilings'

CANDY
CANDY
Blood
BATH

Architecture

This is a memory play. The stage should be bare, except for a projector screen at the back. A is standing center stage speaking to you, the audience. This is not a lecture, but a sharing of stories. Each slide projected on the screen has a portion of a traditional Calabrian meatball recipe, first in Italian, then in English.

Projection 1: Combina il manzo, il vitello, e il maiale in una ciotola grande. Poi, aggiunge il prezzemolo, aglio tritato, olio d'oliva, latte, pangrattato, parmiggiano, le ouve, sale, e pepe.

Combine the beef, veal, and pork in a large bowl. Then, add in the parsley, minced garlic, olive oil, milk, breadcrumbs, parmesan, eggs, salt, and pepper.

A: When I was younger I would spend most of my summer in California. All of my dad's side of the family lived in Los Angeles, my aunt and cousins in Marina del Rey, and my Nonna in Crescent Heights. Right near Beverly Hills. I always thought that was so cool. I always liked being Italian, well, I really liked Italian food, but I never actually felt that connected to my culture. My dad never taught me Italian growing up and I think that's in part due to the fact that my mom couldn't understand the language, and she would have been resentful if my dad and I could speak in a language that she couldn't understand. When my parents got divorced, my dad made more of a concerted effort for me to spend time with his side of the family and to get more in touch with my Italian roots. So, I spent my summers in California.

Projection 2: Copriti le mani con olio d'oliva e forma le polpette.

Coat your hands with olive oil and shape the meatballs.

A: My Nonna had a super thick accent. Like exactly the kind of accent you'd think of when you think of a little old Italian lady. She immigrated to the states from Calabria when she was eighteen and never lost her Calabrese accent. It took me a while to be able to understand everything she said, but once I got a hang of it I loved listening to the mellifluousness of her voice and all of her malapropisms that made her English-speaking unique. Nonna had a tiny little house in Crescent Heights, right across from a Fred Segal and around the corner from Melrose. She bought the house in the early 80s and basically nothing on the interior had changed since then. In the driveway, there was a baby blue car, also probably from the early 80s, that hadn't been touched in years. I loved staying at Nonna's because it usually smelled like tomato sauce and basil and sometimes lemons and most of the time rosemary and always like home.

Projection 3: Prende una padella grande e riscalda l'olio d'oliva. Frigge le polpette in lotti.

Grab a large frying pan and heat the olive oil. Fry the meatballs in batches.

A: Nonna would always make my favorite foods when I came to visit her. But only the savory ones. She would be the first to say that she was never a good baker. But she made the best spaghetti and meatballs and the best lasagna and the best puttanesca. She grew tomatoes in her garden and always had fresh herbs that she would put in her sauce and everything was handmade. With love. Making food for her family always made her happy. Nonna was stern and very serious and VERY stubborn, but she always wanted to make the people around her happy, and that was my favorite thing about her. After we ate a meal, primo piatto of pasta, secondo piatto of meat of some kind, and a salad, we would go outside to her garden. Nonna's garden was maybe my favorite place in the world. She grew her own tomatoes and lots of herbs and she had a lemon tree that produced the most delicious citrus. But my favorite part was the two huge fig trees. When my cousins and I would go over to Nonna's house for meals our favorite part was climbing up the trees and picking all of the figs that were ripe off of the branches. When we got all of the ripe ones we'd look through and find which ones looked and best and eat fig after fig after fig until we felt like our stomachs were about to explode and then we'd lay on the grass, soaking up the sun's rays, and sitting underneath the fig trees whenever we wanted shade.

Projection 4: Quando le polpette sono rosolate, togliele dal fuoco.

When the meatballs are browned, remove them from the heat.

A: Two years ago, I went to LA for Christmas. It was the first time I had been in about five years. Nonna had come to visit a few times and we had made fresh pasta together and talked about Dante's Divine Comedy, but it didn't feel the same spending time with her when we weren't in her house or sitting in her garden. I had recently dyed my hair red and she made fun of me because I already didn't look Italian and now I looked even less so. To make up for this, I had started taking Italian lessons. I still felt like I had missed such a big connection to my culture by not learning Italian at a younger age. While I could pick up on pieces of what my dad and Nonna and other family members would be saying when they started to speak in Italian around me and my cousins, I wanted to be able to understand everything. I wanted to be able to speak to Nonna in her native language. I wanted to be able to go to Italy one day and not have to rely on other people to translate for me. I wanted to feel a connection to Nonna that would be there even when she was gone. So, I learned Italian.

On that trip to LA for Christmas two years ago I was able to speak to her a little bit in Italian, but I got frustrated and we ended up just speaking in English with each other as usual. A few months prior she had sold her house and moved into a smaller condo that would be easier for her to maintain. She no longer had the big fig trees or the lemon tree or the tomato vines, but her house still smelled like tomato sauce and basil and lemons and rosemary and not the same kind of home as before, but still like home. The day before I went back home, Nonna brought me to the farmer's market and bought me a container of fresh figs. We went back to her house and ate a bunch of them until we were too full to have any more. Before I said goodbye to her I asked if she could give me her meatball recipe so I could learn how to make them for myself. She gave me the recipe and we said our goodbyes. In Italian. Whenever I make them they never quite taste the same as hers did.

Projection 5: Aggiunge le polpette rosolate alla salsa di tomate, sobbolire per un'ora, e sirve.

Add the browned meatballs to the tomato sauce, simmer for an hour, and serve.

A exits and the projection lingers for a few moments before the screen and the stage fade to black.

"I write mostly about sense memory: colors eliciting feelings, smells eliciting memories, sound and taste and touch. "

I have been writing poetry and fiction for as long as I can remember, but in the past couple years, writing has become my primary mode of dealing with turbulent emotions, trauma, love, and time. I write mostly about sense memory: colors eliciting feelings, smells eliciting memories, sound and taste and touch. My work is concerned with femininity, destructive and meaningful relationships, color, pop culture, and trying to find home.

I write all my poems and fiction pieces in my worn-out Keith Haring Moleskine journal. I try to habitually write something every day, be it a single word that inspires me, or a long, rambling monologue about what I hate that day. I find most of my inspiration after I dye my hair a new color. This happens frequently. Typical liberal arts student.

Left; ‘Who Never’, following page; Talita photographed by Leandro Viana

Talita Zaragoza

"At the beginning, my inspiration came from the heart of a tree, the traces of a stone thrown on across the surface of a lake, topography maps, and so forth."

Ring of Fire: Sleepy Mountains

Nature has always been the wellspring of my inspiration. It represents patterns and geometrical shapes but also whole values, memories, and emotional depth. In my artistic research, I am constantly exploring the concept of a dialectical relationship between artificial and real, intentionality and aftermath. The idea of micro and macro, stillness and ethereal, is always emerging on my work. Within my photographic approach, I see an act of drawing.

Although the aesthetic result of my drawings is distant from my photographs, the time spent and dedication is quite similar. Connecting sensations and rationality, working with time and space, action and reaction—all these ideas play a role in my artistic investigation, where the sum of layers creates a sense of unity.

Since 2008, I have been working on this lifelong project entitled "Ressonâncias". It began on paper with pen and ink, as dedication drawings, almost as a meditative way to build a visual and thoughtful immersion. Drawings were made primarily to reshape and organize thoughts. Over the years, this research gained strength and size, growing not only materially, but also conceptually—with the purpose of intensifying the optical and vibrant effect of how the lines are built. In the beginning, my inspiration came from the heart of a tree, the traces of a stone thrown on across the surface of a lake, topography maps, and so forth.

Today, I am profoundly interested in volcanoes—how they all might be connected throughout Earth, like a web. The curious notion that most of them are not dead, but sleeping. Or the poetic sense that they are like earth breathers, their geometrical shape built over the years with infinite layers of eruptions.

Today, inspired by Alexander Humboldt's concept of Naturgemälde, I see my research as an attempt to connect my new series of paintings, my photographs, and my drawings. I am not interested only in finding new isolated facts, but in connecting them. I am researching that sense of wholeness and collaboration between the mediums.

Above; ‘The Last Frontier Grid’

Left; ‘Untitled Naturgemälde I’, Right; ‘Mount Redoubt’

Above; ‘Alaska’

Jessica Jacobs

Sharing your life with another person is complicated, worthwhile work.

Even though my wife and I had that love at first sight thing—that clichéd, storybook experience I didn't believe in until I encountered it myself—one of the benefits of finding each other a little later in life was that we held no illusions we'd simply marry and drift off into tranquility.

Sharing your life with another person is complicated, worthwhile work. And, as this first poem explores, the best means of preparation we found were difficult questions, the willingness to show your true self in response, and an openness to then seeing your love for who she is (instead of, perhaps, for who you want to believe her to be).

"Motion Artifact," in turn, looks at the moments in life we can't prepare for—in this case, a tumor found in my wife's thigh, which thankfully turned out to be benign.

Both of these poems are part of *Take Me With You, Wherever You're Going*, a book-length exploration of love and marriage, which will be out with Four Way Books in March 2019. My first collection, *Pelvis with Distance* (White Pine Press), a biography-in-poems of the artist Georgia O'Keeffe, won the New Mexico Book Award in Poetry and was a finalist for a Lambda Literary Award. Currently, I serve as Associate Editor of Beloit Poetry Journal and live in Asheville, NC, with my wife, the poet Nickole Brown.

Motion Artifact

Pre-op, we rocket through her thigh as rendered
by the MRI. In the haloed static
of muscle and skin, her femur in cross-section

is an old-fashioned keyhole; her tumor,
a dark fist. There's a faint blur; the doctor points, *That's artifact motion, where you twitched a bit.*

Yet now that we know
the tumor is benign,
have errors ever sounded so beautiful?

Gibbs Ringing, Magic Angle, Offset Ghost
or,
Once upon a time in New York,
I went with the wrong woman to the wrong bar
and met my wife.

Who wants a textbook image anyway, that grainy
imitation shorn of natural flow and twitch?

If an *artifact* is an object made
by art, and an *image artifact* the record
of what ripples out of that making, then

all that matters most of me is image artifact
of my hand resting in that bar beside hers.
Our lives an assemblage of such faint blurs

on the filmstrip. One thing I know for sure: the possibility
of losing her demanded from me everything
but complacency. Errors not mistakes, but records

of how we go from art
to the messy wonder of living.

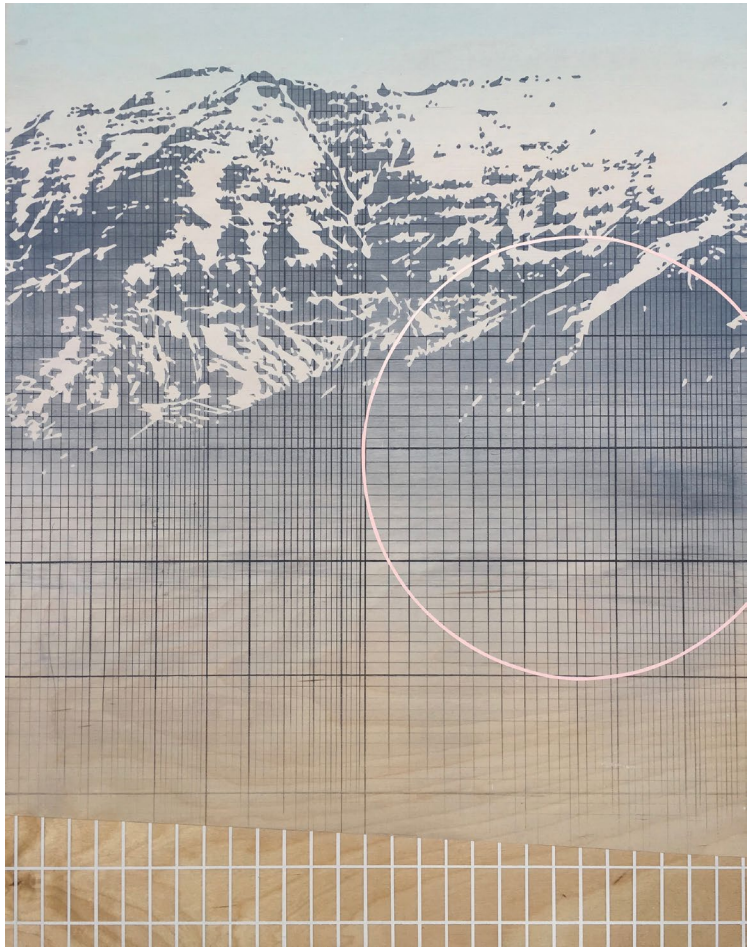
Who Needs Premarital Counseling When We Have Nightly Visits to the Doubt Couch?

in a borrowed cabin in Michigan's Upper Peninsula

On the loveseat meant for one
and a half, we are a snake's nest
of limbs—not comfortable
but in love. We begin:

> *children money religion sex*
> *Tell me your flaws* (a test
> of self-awareness). *Now, tell me*
> *mine* (a test of attention, of how honest
> or stupid you're willing to be).
> *And what do you love*
> *in me?* (translation: Does your love
> match the little corner I love
> in myself?)

Outside and only a mile away,
the Devil's Slide: a groove
once used to skid logs
to barges waiting on the lake, so steep
the ground caught fire
with their speed. Now a tourist trap
where you ditch your shoes
to whoop and holler and surf the sand
five-hundred feet down, taking care
to watch for the hidden rocks
that can send you ass over teakettle
all the way to the bottom. Climbing
back up, however, is another matter;
an arduous plod with much
backsliding, much cursing
and catching of breath and craning
of head to assure the top
is still there and, yes,
you will one day reach it. Much swearing
that you will never again, ever—
though you will and you do. Each night,
our every question, the same.



Above; 'Rökkur'

Emily Moore

"The creative process allows me to recall each place and combine them to create new, anonymous landscapes."

Landscape has always been my primary source of inspiration. My work is created using an amalgamation of personal source images, usually photographs taken to record my travels, and experiences. I'm particularly interested in the patterns and forms found within mountainous environments, and the contrasting, architectural structures which inhabit them. My paintings attempt to explore the tension between these two conflicting themes, looking to strike a balance within the final composition.

These paintings were inspired following a trip to Iceland in October 2017. Each body of work is a documentation of those expeiences. The creative process allows me to recall each place and combine them to create new, anonymous landscapes.

The physical act of creating a piece, the surface and materials, has always been an important part of my practice. I work directly on birch plywood panels, often leaving areas of the raw wood exposed. I experimented with screen printing a lot during art school and since then have developed my own process, using masking tape and a scalpel to create the layered, tonal images. I often use an overhead projection for the intricate, detailed images, which are then drawn and cut-out by hand. It's quite a laborious process but allows me to combine the precise, detailed layers over the rough, painterly ones.

Above; ‘Home Run’

Iliana Theodoropoulou

"My eyes and my feet trace the patterns of their lives."

Folding Memory

I have always lived in a big busy city, Athens, London or Berlin. The experience of urban life inevitably flows into my work. Since 2005, I have been observing, recording and photographing the cracks in Athenian pavements. I am fascinated by the way nature creates those linear cracks on the concrete. I see them as dynamic drawings created by time, weather, decay, and human feet. Gradually, I collected a great number of photographs which motivated me to begin a series of works inspired by those cracks, a project that lasted 10 years, until 2015.

Athens has changed a great deal over the last few years due to the economic crisis. People have left Greece to seek a better life elsewhere. Shops are closed, apartments are empty—the city is strangely silent in many central neighbourhoods.

Last winter, as I was walking through the city, I looked again down at the ground beneath my feet. I saw all those cracks on the pavements and suddenly saw those marks of decay as the traces of all the people who have lived and walked in this city. I felt a connection with the lives of all those who have left but are still present through the traces left behind. My eyes and my feet trace the patterns of their lives. I began a new project: this time I drew the actual cracks on long strips of paper or inside Japanese concertina books as they can be folded and then unfolded again. I wanted to hide those drawings, those memories, even if it was just temporary, by folding the paper. Gradually, tentatively, as the project evolved, I started creating autobiographical work by searching my own traces on pavements around areas where I have lived: near my school, in my old neighbourhoods not just in Athens, but also in Berlin and London.

Above; 'Full Void'

Above; ‘Invisible Thread’

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